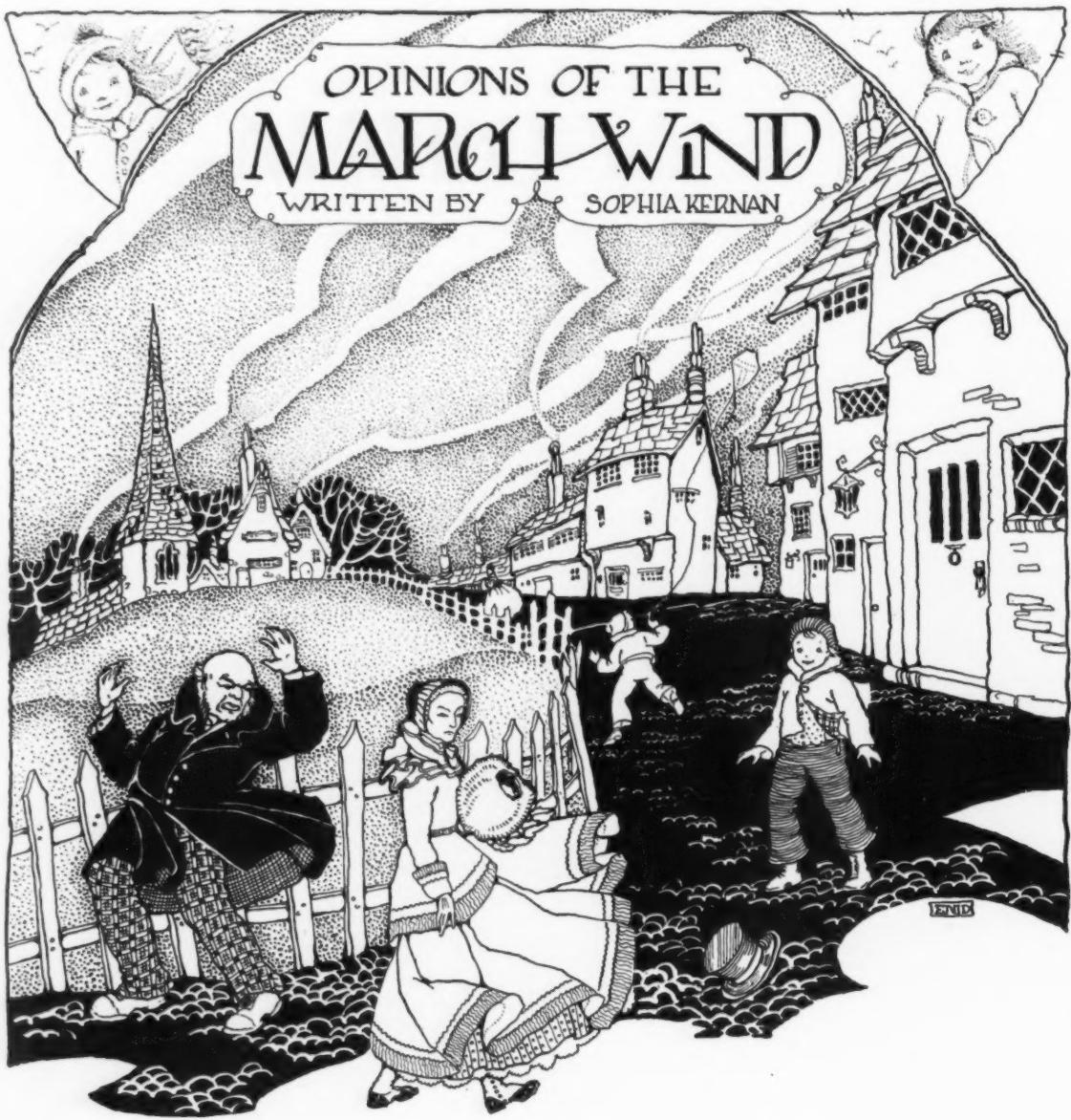


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
March 1932 **NEWS** "I Serve"





OLD GROUCH:

"O HORRID wind that blows my hat away!

O hateful wind that is so fond of play,
I'm glad you come but once a year,
Yet gladder still when you leave here!"

OLD MAID:

"Most vulgar wind that plays around my muff!
How tired am I of one so rude and rough.
If you would stop and leave a person be,
It would be good for you as well as me!"

ME:

"Oh, winds! I'm glad you have arrived at last,
For after you the springtime travels fast!
I'd like to sail with you 'way up in yonder sky!
Yet, as I can't, I'll have to say goodbye."

*Eighth Grade, Utica Country Day School,
New Hartford, New York*

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

THE buoyant March bunny will give creative youth inspiration for poems, monologues, songs, and especially dances! Small copies of him may prance jovially across the trays of hospital bed patients, or, as place cards, on the tables of veterans' dining rooms.

The Classroom Index

You will find material in this issue of use in the following classes—and others:

Citizenship:

At Home—"American Juniors Doing Their Jobs" gives our monthly sampling of nation-wide service. "Here's a Present" is valuable in safety study. Talk over provisions that your own city makes for play safety. Are playgrounds provided in crowded sections? If the problem is a new one, as in many growing cities, can the young citizens start a movement among parents to have certain blocks closed for play, or vacant lots equipped for this purpose? Ask the Safety Patrols of the school to give talks in classrooms and auditorium periods; or invite city traffic officers to visit the school and explain traffic laws and safeguards for pedestrians. Let the group draw up rules for safety and obey them.

Throughout the World—"A Message to Juniors" (editorial page), "Lending a Hand." A preliminary estimate, based on incidental mention of the project in letters, numbers the jars of fruit and vegetables canned by Juniors for the unemployed at 50,000.

Fitness for Service:

The Cover; "Opinions of the March Wind;" "American Juniors Doing Their Job;" page 4 of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

Geography:

"The Pathfinder of the Seas"

Germany—"Children of the Black Forest," "The Calendar Picture" (editorial page)

Ireland—"Alanna" (book review)

Jugoslavia—"The Snowdrop—" folklore

Switzerland—"The Mountain That Moved"—A story that gives a scientific slant to a great drama of Nature

United States—"Ezekiel;" "Zeke" (book review)

Other Countries—"Lending a Hand"

General Science:

"The Mountain That Moved," "The Pathfinder of the Seas"

History:

U. S. pioneer days—"The Pathfinder of the Seas"

Primary:

Cover; "The Snowdrop;" "The Mountain That Moved;" "Children of the Black Forest;" "Ezekiel;" "Here's a Present"

A Book for Your Own Reading

DEVELOPING PERSONALITY IN THE CHILD AT SCHOOL
Practical Mental Hygiene for Educators. Garry Cleveland Myers. Greenberg, New York. 1931.

This is a companion volume to the one reviewed in the January TEACHER'S GUIDE. Dr. Myers has known some teachers and administrators who are the product of "teacher-training"—an unhappily accurate name for an older type of preparation for the art of teaching—and his analysis of the product of that system is frequently searching. Weaknesses might be conquered if all units of teacher-learning could con-

verge in the harmonizing principle that it is the boy or the girl who is to be taught—not subject matter.

"In reality no one teaches arithmetic or geography. She teaches children. She teaches children best when she knows them best and has keenest human interest in them."

It becomes harder for a young teacher to retain her eager individuality in an era when "individuals are lost in medians and graphs. . . ."

"There must be action, lots of action, and achievement in so many words spelled or attempted in six minutes, so many problems tried in seven, so many lines read or mumbled over in two. Heart-throbs are crowded out by watch-ticks. But it takes time to be human."

The card index in the principal's office rarely meets this need. But the human interest, Dr. Myers believes, is returning, and on a sounder basis than before. The classroom of Dr. Myers' ideal is the meeting place of a "larger family." It is not a place where one person is set as a police officer to "catch" forty or more others in ignorance, nor where forty are set to hoot at the unfortunate who is caught. The word *device* is not overworked in this book, and trickstering has no place. Educational method is tested at many points by the basic principle of developing personalities: the manner of directing a question, the social customs of pupil response, the choice of models, the manner of helping with new types of problems. Some time-honored methods are tossed aside for the junkman to haul away.

This development of wholesome personalities, in the child and in his teacher, is given practical attention: the effect of common school fears, of competition and tattling, of stop-watch speeding up, of that vicious feudal cleavage between teacher and pupils, of high intelligence and physical welfare. Speech, which both reflects and affects personality, can be modified; one chapter helps in that. Special behavior problems of children have one chapter; but the real objective of the book is to prevent such problems.

My personal judgment is that Dr. Myers, in common with other modern psychologists, somewhat overemphasizes original depravity. Day-by-day associations indicate that the ungenerous, the meanly jealous, and the hypocritical are in the minority. The chances at the start would seem to be about fifty-fifty for the generous and the genuine in children to develop and for the predatory impulses to remain below consciousness, like an uninfected appendix. But this is not a damning criticism, for one should react to books on mental hygiene somewhat as one should to health statistics—not coming away with a "conviction of sin" that all mankind is irremediably diseased, but with encouragement over gains seen and with renewed faith in the future. The book is constructive.

Developing Calendar Activities for March

A Classroom Index of Calendar Activities

Art:

Designing Easter cards, lily tray favors, original picture frames, bird cut-outs
Completing work for World Poster Contest

Auditorium:

Preparing a program of flower and bird songs, poems and stories

Cooking:

Making cakes, chocolate eggs or other things to eat, for Easter baskets

English:

Preparing a program of flower and bird poems, stories and songs

Preparing an April first joke-telling contest

Writing letters for school correspondence (See the section on School Correspondence below)

Geography:

Making albums for school correspondence

Handwork:

Making Easter baskets and original picture frames

Health:

Carrying out Fitness for Service activities on the CALENDAR and Page 4 of this TEACHER'S GUIDE

Manual Training:

Making bird houses for children's homes or furnishing materials with instructions for building; making feeding trays for birds

Nature:

Preparing gifts of potted spring flowers for shut-ins; making a Junior Red Cross garden for service

A Junior Red Cross Message to Sponsors

The helpfulness of teachers and administrators in guiding the Junior Red Cross program was recognized by the members of the Junior Red Cross of Essex County, Massachusetts, in a letter published in their annual report:

"To ALL TEACHERS, PRINCIPALS, AND SUPERINTENDENTS:
"To you who, as leaders, have made possible the many services reported in these pages, we give our heartfelt thanks. You have encouraged us to understand and to love those of other lands, have aided us in using our school work to bring happiness to the sick and shut-ins, and have helped us grasp something of the spirit of unselfish service through Junior Red Cross.

"We would not forget to thank the Junior Chairmen who have worked with you and us and who make the link between the Senior Red Cross and the Juniors stronger, more cordial and more effective.

**"JUNIOR RED CROSS MEMBERS,
"Essex County Chapter"**

Covers for the Brailled Stories

Interesting plans have been recorded by the Junior Red Cross groups that are making covers for the Brailled short stories. One group planned a raised design for the covers. All are working for colorfulness and durability. An exceptionally practical set of instructions has been sent to schools of Gloucester County, New Jersey, by Mr. D. T. Steelman, Superintendent of Schools and Junior Red Cross Chairman:

"Materials: Two pieces of cardboard 6 by 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; two pieces of colored construction paper 1 inch larger than cardboard; two pieces of harmonizing colored lining paper $\frac{1}{4}$ inch smaller than cardboard covers; cord or tape for tying; gauze for reenforcement $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide.

"Procedure: Cover one piece of cardboard with construction paper. Cut a strip 1 inch wide from top of second cardboard and then cut away $\frac{1}{4}$ inch strip to allow for hinge. Rejoin the two pieces with gauze, pasting it on both sides for strong reenforcement, and cover these two pieces so that this second cover will be the

same size as the first one. Use the cover with the hinge for the top of the booklet. Punch holes to correspond with those in the stories. Tie together with tape or cord. A simple design will add to the attractiveness of the book."

School Correspondence—Intersectional

In hunting topics for intersectional correspondence, remember that letters which bring out the individuality of your own state and community will have the greatest interest. Such holidays as Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, and Fourth of July are not distinctive to any one section. Letters about these have little value or interest for other schools in our own country. On the other hand certain holidays are peculiar to special states or sections. A letter about Bunker Hill Day from a Massachusetts school could hardly fail to interest a school in Indiana or Wyoming. A letter about Columbus Day written from a state where this is a legal holiday will interest schools in states where Columbus Day is not celebrated. Letters from the South about Confederate Day will interest many schools in Northern states. A letter from Rhode Island about its Independence Day and letters from Western states about their Founder's Days or Pioneer Days may be made educative and entertaining.

Local history, which is always a good topic, is receiving more than usual attention now. A number of State Journals are carrying articles and outlines for study. Local geography also has many possibilities.

Young pupils of the West Rowe and Rowe Village School, Massachusetts, wrote with an intelligent purpose of interesting their American schoolmates in the Ute Mountain Indian School:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"The snow here is very deep. It is more than three feet in the woods. The animals have been driven from the woods to find food.

"We have not been able to go skating because there has been so much snow on the lakes and ponds. The sliding has been very good. Recently we have had a thaw which has melted quite a lot of snow.

"We are making a poster, showing one hundred years of transportation in America. It shows all kinds, from the Indian on his pony and in his canoe, to the airplanes and steamships of today. They are in black and white, silhouette, and are done free-hand. Of course, they are copies of other pictures."

"DEAR JUNIORS:

"When vacation comes I am going up to my aunt's to stay. They have a new baby up there and her name is Nancy Ann. She is just three months old today. When she has her bath she likes to lie on her stomach and kick her feet. She cries when she is dressed.

"I am going to help my uncle draw wood and put it in the barn.

"A cat comes to school about every day. Her name is Tar-Baby. She is all black. She jumps up on our desks and tries to eat the paste. We feed her bread and milk. Some days she stays all day."

School Correspondence—International

The Livermore Union High School, California, sent a Christmas card with a brief written message to each foreign school with which it corresponds. Other schools may like to carry out this graceful expression of friendship by sending Easter cards to the schools with which they have been corresponding.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Four Years of International Correspondence

A REPORT by Mary A. Heassler, of LaGrande, Oregon, tells about a Junior Red Cross International Correspondence interest that has continued four years, with a steady growth in world understanding and friendship:

"The pupils of Central School have corresponded with schools of four widely different countries for four years. Each year has added to their enthusiasm for this work, as well as ingenuity in planning and making portfolios to please their friends across the seas.

"The arrival of a letter or a package from headquarters is always a thrilling moment. As one little fellow expressed it, 'It's just like Christmas every time we get a portfolio.'

"Junior Red Cross work has never been regarded as irksome; rather it is considered an honor to furnish parts toward making a package to send.

"At present we correspond with schools in Spain, Japan, Czechoslovakia and Australia. From these places we have received many lovely articles and have tried to make our replies just as interesting.

"Some of our portfolios are worn until they are positively ragged, by the constant turning and seeking done by interested children! Such exclamations of admiration as the lovely Czechoslovakian art work calls forth! Such comparisons with one's own work accompanied by inward vows to do better! We also keep a table on which are always marked copies of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS as well as articles from other countries pertinent to our work. The pictures from old calendars are mounted and a border of 'people I'd like to know,' is displayed in the school. This work makes geography a living subject.

"We really served tea from the miniature tea set sent from Japan. Children vow they can distinguish the best grades on the Japanese report cards and are sure they can understand the deep friendly feeling of the Czechoslovakian Juniors for their Papa Masaryk as they lovingly speak of their President.

"The children of Central School have sent Christmas boxes three years, but last year we felt was the most successful of all. We filled twenty-seven boxes, all of uniform interest and value. The pupils in all rooms were told to bring gifts, if they wished to do so, to be put in these boxes. A list was posted of appropriate things to send. After all gifts were collected, the boxes were divided in two groups, one for girls and one for boys. The gifts were placed on two long tables together with paper, tissue, twine and stickers. The pupils then divided the gifts into as many piles as we had boxes, so each would contain equally interesting things. The boxes were neatly packed and a lovely handmade greeting card was put in the top of each.

"For the last two years our gifts have gone to Japan for their New Year's celebration. Last year we received a lovely 'thank-you' box from them containing a box of silk cocoons, varying in color from white to orange, a sewing set, two carefully kimonoed lady dolls, a tea set, a book of Charlie Chaplin stories à la Japanese, two lovely handmade chests of drawers of balsa wood, containing tiny kimonos. Some day we hope to have a glass cabinet in which to store our treasures, but in the meantime they are passed from room to room and used as needed. At present we are dressing a doll like an American school girl, to send to Czechoslovakia."

World Contacts for Small Schools

The Williamson School, Prescott, Iowa, Grades 1 to 8, wrote to a Girls' School of Czechoslovakia:

DEAR FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA:

"We are thanking you for the toys and the bead work. We enjoy looking at them so much. We appreciate the squirrel with the money in it. It is nothing like our money. We received the package the tenth of October.

"We study spelling, reading, history, arithmetic, language and geography. On Friday afternoon we make posters. We play hide-and-go-seek and old gray wolf at intermissions. We play these games this time of the year because it isn't too hot or too cold.

"I am glad the flowers grew for you. Do you think they are pretty?

YOUR FRIENDS AT WILLIAMSON SCHOOL
By COLLEEN KRALIK, Age 10"

DEAR FELLOW-TEACHER:

"The correspondence from your school is a source of much interest to both pupils and their parents. The silken cover with its accompanying books and cards was received by us in May, and was much admired. We acknowledged the gift at once by card and later by letter. We hope to send a gift in return soon.

"DOROTHY WILLIAMSON"

The Central School of Rawlins, Wyoming, wrote to Italy:

DEAR COMRADES IN VENICE:

"Your interesting letter arrived in September. We are a new fifth grade and our class is writing to a foreign country for the first time. Since we are members of the Junior Red Cross, we are happy to carry on the correspondence begun by other fifth grades.

"After looking at your pictures it makes us feel you are not far away. The class admires your appearance in your uniforms. Are these badges worn on the left side of your uniforms? Is your school a day or a boarding school? Will you let us know if the flag in the picture represents your school or country?

"Five groups are working on a surprise for you. We have been happy answering your letter.

"Best wishes from twenty-nine new friends.

"FIFTH A CLASS"

The Coalinga Junior High School, California, wrote to Czechoslovakia:

DEAR CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CLASSMATES:

"We write this letter from our busy English class to which we were glad to return after the vacation period. Other classes are writing to different countries. The booklets and letters which they receive will be put on display so that all of us can see and read them and so gain a knowledge of other nations of the world. You too must be back to the routine of the classroom and back to your Junior Red Cross.

"Our Junior Red Cross is active too. It aids the needy with food, clothes and doctor's care. It teaches us kindness and friendliness, the ideals needed for world friendship. We are proud to wear our Red Cross pin with its motto, 'I Serve.'

"With wishes for a happy year, we remain,

"YOUR FRIENDS, THE EIGHTH GRADE GIRLS"

From the Latvian Junior Red Cross Calendar

1. Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. This is a golden rule of life.
2. Always and everywhere be civil. Never forget to say "please" and "thank you."
3. Respect your parents and teachers and love everything that is good.
4. Keep your clothes and shoes in order; it does not matter if they are coarse and cheap, provided they be clean and tidy.
5. Appoint a place for everything and keep everything in its place.
6. Do everything at a definite time and be master of your work.
7. Be truthful. Truth is heroic, but to lie is cowardly.
8. Better be alone than in bad company. Do everything within your power to combat bad language.
9. Never offend another's feelings. To laugh at another's misfortune is pitiless and disgraceful.
10. Be not envious but contented. Care for another's property as you would for your own.
11. Do not forget that you study for your own good, and therefore strive to acquire as much knowledge as possible.
12. Be a friend and help.

Fitness for Service for March

Posture

THERE is a timely reason for giving POSTURE special emphasis this month, in the Fitness for Service section of the CALENDAR: winter weather and shortened daylight have kept many children indoors for longer hours; resistance has perhaps been lowered from winter colds, lack of sunshine, lack of exercise. Posture should, of course, have been emphasized in relation to all other points of health.

The school should take responsibility for posture, even beyond its responsibility for other symptoms of good or poor health. For school is apparently to blame for increase of poor posture.

"The child when he enters school has a better posture apparently than he has after he has been in school for a while. In his so-called pre-school age, he is as a rule out of doors for a large part of the day and leads an active life. He then abruptly changes from a method of living conducive to robust, vigorous health, with presumably good muscle control, to a less active, more sedentary occupation—going to school. This with the unaccustomed confinement, especially in seats and at desks (rarely properly adjusted), together with the strain of the usually sudden transition from play to work, undoubtedly contributes to weakened muscular control and therefore to poor posture. Apparently the effort on the part of the child to accommodate himself to his new mode of existence tires him and is evidenced in the posture of fatigue. . . . Though good posture is somewhat more prevalent as children grow older, as is shown by the increase in the percentage of children having good posture in the higher age periods, poor posture predominates markedly."

In the experiments conducted by Dr. Armin Klein and Leah C. Thomas, it was found that posture of pupils in classes given special training showed improvement toward the end of the school year; while posture of pupils in classes in which there was no such emphasis grew worse.

Good Posture

Silhouettes showing good and poor posture for boys and for girls of different physical types (stocky, medium, and slender) will be found in the report of this study.¹ In good posture, the carriage is easily erect, neither "let down" nor stiff. The abdomen is flat, not protruding; the spine is straight, neither too hollowed between the hips nor curved out between the shoulders. The shoulders are even; one is not higher than the other. The hips also are even. The chest is out and the shoulder blades are in. (But shoulder braces are not to be advised by any except a physician; and the old admonition "Throw your shoulders back" is to be avoided. "Chest up!" brings a more natural correction.) The chin is in, naturally, not stiffly. The head is straight, not thrust forward.

Some Causes of Poor Posture

Mechanical causes of faulty posture include poor seating, faulty sleeping conditions, poor ventilation, and improperly fitted clothing. The school is to blame for some of these causes and can help overcome the others.

The undersized child should not be placed in a seat so high that his feet cannot touch the floor evenly and easily; his desk should not be so high that shoulders are forced out of alignment when he writes and reads.

The overgrown pupil should not be placed in a seat so low that his knees are thrust up and

his legs cramped, or at a desk so low that he stoops over it.

Of the importance of ventilation, Wood and Hendrickson say: "Bad air tends to weaken the general vigor of the body. The incentive to brace up is lacking to persons when they are in bad air. This has an important relation to physical indolence and poor body posture, often associated with malnutrition." (*Ventilation and Health*, by Wood and Hendrickson, p. 21.) While the importance of fresh air should be emphasized, the cramped posture of a shivering child may be evidence enough of the harm of drafts, too low temperature, or inadequate clothing.

The school should advise about beds, and if a rest period is allowed, it should provide firm cots and small pillows, and should instruct in the best position for quick rest: lying flat on the back, with shoulders flat or resting on a pillow; lying on the stomach, perhaps with a pillow under the abdomen.

Clothing should not drag at the shoulders or hips; hose supporters should not be too tight. Stockings and shoes should fit the feet and be comfortable. The height and shape of heels should be rational; the weight of the body should be centered on the balls of the feet, neither on the heels nor the toes.

Right physical habits are reflected in good posture. Standing and walking correctly are important: toes should be straight, weight divided between two feet instead of imposed on only one. Exercise and rest are equally important, and, nowadays, the latter is the one more frequently neglected. A balanced and adequate diet builds muscles able to support the framework of the body.

Improving Health Through Posture

Besides indicating the condition of health, good posture has a positive influence in improving health. It affects breathing and circulation, appetite, assimilation of food and elimination of waste, rest and the rebuilding that results, mental energy and emotional equilibrium.

References

You will find help in the following publications:

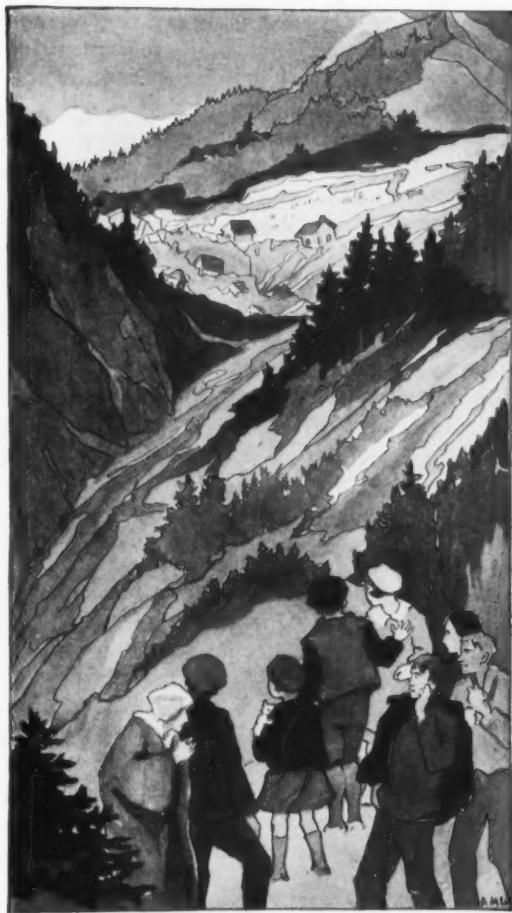
¹ *Posture and Physical Fitness*, by Armin Klein and Leah C. Thomas, prepared by the Children's Bureau, Bulletin No. 25, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 10 cents.

Body Mechanics, Health Bulletin for Teachers, No. 27, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—a discussion of the mechanics involved in standing still and walking.

Our Health Habits, by Whitcomb and Beveridge, Rand McNally & Company, a text which has sections on posture for every grade, and two illustrations showing correct and faulty seating.

Nutrition in Depression

The American Child Health Association, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York, has two timely bulletins, *Food at Low Cost* and *Emergency Nutrition*, the purpose of which is to outline an economical diet that will not weaken the health of growing children. These are advertised for sale at one cent each for ten to twenty-five copies, with a much lower cost in ordering large quantities.



Far up the valley they could see first one house and then another tilt forward and slip into the flood

THE children of Mont-Chatelard could not help being excited about the lake. It was a new lake.

They had never had one before and they had not expected one, because they lived half-way up a mountain, on the edge of a gorge through which ran a stream.

Then one summer day, after a long period of rain, a mass of rock had loosened and toppled into the stream, choking it completely. When the water from melting snow higher up could not take its usual course, it began to spread out in a hollow behind the village. That was the beginning of the lake. By the time cold weather came it was big enough for skating. Of course the ice was often snowed over, but the school children swept and scraped it, which was part of the fun.

The men of the village did not like the lake. They said too much timber had been cut from the edge of the gorge, which caused the rocks to

The Mountain That Moved

A True Story

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

fall, and now a bit of good pasture was flooded. The children laughed. Up there where the world seemed made of forest and pastures, surely there was room for one tiny lake! So they skated merrily until a January thaw set in.

One day Jean and Anne Martel took Babette out on the sled, but it was hard going. Brown patches showed through the snow, which was thin and muddy. "This will ruin the skating," said Jean gloomily. It was true. The ice was flooded and the lake looked larger.

Suddenly Anne sat down on the sled. "I feel so queer," she said, "as though the ground were moving."

"Don't be silly," said Jean; but his eyes were riveted on a brown tuft of weed. It was being slowly uprooted as though pulled by an unseen hand, and where it had grown a minute before there was a crack as wide as a man's thumb. "Look at that!" gasped Jean. "You're right, Anne, the ground is moving. I feel dizzy, too!"

Everyone came to look at the crack, which widened slowly. When they felt the ground shake and the water squelch under their feet, they shook their heads. "However, it may be a good thing," said some. "The crack may become a brook that will drain the water into the gorge."

That made the children fear that the lake might run away from them; and perhaps it would have done so had there not come a hard frost that night, followed by weeks of cold weather. People thought of firewood and featherbeds and hot soup, and forgot the crack, which was frozen stiff and snowed under.

Jean and Anne were proud of the stack of fagots that they had prepared in the autumn, splitting and tying the sticks into bundles of the right length for the great porcelain stove.

In Savoy the houses are built for long winters, with wide overhanging eaves to bear the snows and to protect the firewood that is piled up to the second story. Even the rows of bright beehives are tucked under little pent roofs for shelter.

Savoy was once so thickly wooded that its name means "pine forests." But now the slopes have been shorn for farm lands, and rushing streams drive sawmills in the valleys. Great motor trucks, carrying pine and hemlock boles bound with chains and looking like gigantic bunches of asparagus, thunder along the highways; and oxcarts piled with the lopped branches creak under faggots for kitchen stoves.

That year the winter ended suddenly in a torrent of rain. By the first of March the snow had gone from the pastures, though the crown of the mountain was white. The children could look down on to brown slopes plowed and sown with winter wheat; still farther down were orchards of twisted plum and pear trees. Then came the highway turning towards Chambrey on the south and Geneva on the north. Along the road ran the real village of Chatelard, of which Mont - Chatelard was but the upper shelf. Its gray roofs swept up to the church like a swallow's wing; again, there was a deep drop to meadows sloping to the dark cut of the river that marked the bottom of the valley. The Martel children had an uncle, who was a clock-maker in Chatelard. They used to look down into his housetop and watch for the smoke from his chimney. "Uncle Georges is having his breakfast," they would say.

One morning Anne sat with Babette on the stove bench knitting stockings. The rain dripped from the eaves, melting the last icicles; the cat purred, the clock ticked; the room was warm and peaceful.

The rest of the family had gone to hear what the engineers, sent from Paris, would have to say about the lake and the crack which was now two yards wide and growing larger every day. For weeks the water had poured down from the snow-clad mountains, covering the fields with mud. Some cattle sheds had tumbled over and

hay-stacks had been washed away. People began to fear for their homes, and telegraphed for engineers to tell them what to do. The mud and the rain and the cracks were all that was talked of, and it grew harder every day to keep the floors clean.

While Anne was showing Babette how to turn the heel, their father, mother and Jean came tramping in bringing clods of mud. At the sight of their white faces the girls sprang to their feet. Was anything wrong? Yes. The engineers said that the whole mountainside was moving; that a mass of mud was pressing down behind Mont-Chatelard, pushing it towards the gorge. The water from the lake had broken

loose and was rushing into the great crack, tearing away the soil under the village and turning it to a stream of liquid mud. There was no time to be lost. The people of Mont-Chatelard and the neighboring hamlets must leave at once if they were to save their cattle and escape with their lives.

In half an hour Jean was driving the cows to a farm two miles away on firm ground. The oxcart stood at the door, and Anne and her mother were loading it. Everything went into the cart; mattresses and feather-beds, with the dishes packed among them; kitchen things, chairs and tables. The clock came down from the wall and was tied between pillows. Hams and cheeses, crocks of butter and jars of honey were tucked into odd corners, and

on top of all perched a basket full of chickens blinking their round eyes in astonishment that such things could be.

Father was loading hay into a motor-truck sent up from the village below. The dog had gone with Jean, but the cat ran distractedly from room to room and could not be caught.

Everyone in the village was moving out. Wagons and wheelbarrows stood before the doors. The road that led away from the gorge was lined with stacks of household goods waiting for trucks to carry them farther. All were brave and quick in the face of great danger.

The next day Jean and Anne went back with their father to gather up a few forgotten things.



Jean and Anne split and tied sticks into bundles of the right length for the great porcelain stove

The rain had ceased and the sun was shining. The little house looked safe and kind, and on the doorstep sat the cat washing its face.

Was it really as dangerous as the engineers said, thought Anne, as she gathered the cat into her apron. But the barn was leaning like a sinking ship; and the ground quaked like a bog. So they shut the door and went sadly away. Life in the upland farmhouse was ended.

By March tenth all had left the mountain.

The Martel family went to stay with Uncle Georges, and the other people also found refuge with friends in Chatelard, down on the highway.

At six o'clock on the morning of March twelfth, a crash like the end of the world shook the sleeping village. The hills shouted with fear as the echo roared back and forth. A great piece of the mountain had split off and plunged downward, and the lake, let loose, was thundering into the gorge, sweeping away rocks, trees, houses, churning the mass into an avalanche of mud that poured down the mountain like a torrent of lava.

Shots from the fire brigade warned people to keep away from the gorge as, dazed and shiver-

ing with fright, they gathered to watch the wreckage of their mountainside.

Far up the valley they could see first one house and then another tilt forward and slip into the flood. Then a new terror began to loom. The mud stream was leaving the gorge. It was taking a straight course, rolling slowly but surely, thick as tar, and in its track lay the lower village of Chatelard.

The mayor telephoned for the fire companies of all the towns in the country. But long before they came the men and women of Chatelard were digging trenches. They worked with frantic haste, building dykes of great logs that lay ready for the sawmill, and heaping stones against them. Then came the firemen with dynamite. They blasted a new channel for the avalanche, hoping to turn it away from the houses through the fields.

People waited breathlessly. Toward evening the mud stream began to swerve, rolling more slowly as it reached the bottom. All night it crept across the orchards, across the sweet fields white with snowdrops . . . and then it stopped. The village of Chatelard was saved!

Children of the Black Forest

H. HANSJAKOB

SITUATED in the middle of the delightful K in z i g woods, a part of the wonderful Black Forest near Baden, is my native city, Haslach. High mountains crowned with proud firs and beeches, green meadows, clear silver mountain streams, enclose this paradise of my youth.

One day my grandmother's sister, dear old "Lenebas," white-haired guardian angel of my youth, took me up to a rocky peak and showed me the lovely little town—my home. She pointed out the church spire sheathed in silver. It is true, I have known for a long time that its silver is only tin—but this tin continues to gleam as silver in my youthful memory.

The real "high days" were the festival days of the world and the church. There was a great number of them in our children's calendar, each having its particular attraction and its particu-

LAST MONTH we told about how German Juniors had sent, as a Christmas greeting to their school correspondents in the United States, copies of their Junior magazine for last November. This is a translation of an article in that number.—Editor

lar joys. As even a less-important festival approached, our hearts beat madly with joyous anticipation. In the first two months of the year two festivals occurred, Epiphany and the Stork Festival. Children's eyes would sparkle with joy and anticipation at the very mention of these holidays.

On Twelfth Night the Three Kings and their star appeared. Three choir boys played the rôles, wearing crowns and with pure white robes over their Sunday suits. The star was made of white waxed paper and had four large points. In its center burned a candlestub from the church. A special arrangement of strings was used to keep it rotating as it was carried on the end of a long stick by a watchman. That was a festival which every child awaited with eager expectancy. It began at a house on the very edge of the city. The star, lighting the dark winter



High mountains crowned with proud firs and beeches enclose the towns of the Black Forest

night, turned on its axis; the watchman blew out smoke from his tobacco-pipe, and the Three Kings began to sing. What they sang sounded very wonderful to us children, coming as it did from other children. We could never hear enough. The older people, looking out from the windows, heard the songs of the Three Kings, and were carried back to the days of their youth.

Once I had the chance to be one of the Three Kings, a chance which I prized more than anything else in the world. When my mother took me to the old bookbinder's shop behind the church to have measurements taken for my crown, I was happier and prouder than any Roman poet ever crowned on the Capitol. Every evening after Christmas I went to a rehearsal to practice my soprano part while the other kings practiced alto parts. Then, too, the star was taken in for repair. It was patched, repapered and waxed afresh. All this was done in the happiest excitement, as though it were to be a play performed by mankind and angels, for heaven and earth.

On the eve of the long-awaited day Schmied-Balden-Louis came. It was he who had so kindly assigned to me the rôle of Kaspar. He brought a cork, dipped in oil and burned in the flame of tallow-candle to make it black. This he used to paint my face. As Kaspar, the black one of the Three Kings, was the one most admired by the children, I was not a little proud to play the

part and to have a black face. And, too, it was Kaspar who walked in the middle, directly behind the star. We stopped in front of each house and sang one song, or, in case a second family lived in a second-floor apartment, we sang another song. The children of the family living in the ground floor apartment brought nicely wrapped gifts to the singers—this was, of course, the most joyous part of the march. The people living in the upper apartment lighted the paper wrapped around the coins which they threw out to the Three Kings. They looked like bright bullets shooting through the darkness of the night. The "Black One," being the most distinguished, never picked up a single coin; either Melchior or Balthazar did it for him.

When the Kings and the star had been half-way around the city, they came to the house of Vetter Bosch, a rich baker. Here, according to an age-old custom, the Kings and their guiding star halted. The light of the star was extinguished for the time being and placed in the entrance way, while the Three Kings and their star bearer seated themselves inside at a table laden with fresh-baked goodies. I am certain that the original Three Kings were not treated as royally on their visit to Herod's palace as we were at the "Boschenvetter." Outside, shivering in the cold, all the children of the city were waiting for the reappearance of the royalty and their star, while we, the three holy men, warmed ourselves and ate delicious cakes.

As soon as the star bearer lighted his star again everyone was satisfied. At the end of the march, we sang another song in front of the inn. It was the landlord's favorite song as well as the favorite of my dear Lenebas, who lived nearby, which we sang at this time:

At night I laid me down to sleep,
I dreamed King David called:
"How can I sing a new song or
Dream of the three holy kings,
For they are at Cologne on the Rhine."

About ten p. m. the "star-march" ended; then the money was counted and divided; the black face of Kaspar was washed off and all went to bed feeling like kings, because on the next evening the march was to take place again. This time a visit was made to the houses outside the limits of the little city. On the second evening, the march ended at the churchyard. Here the star was extinguished for a year, and the Three Wise Men went quietly home, dividing their money. They gave some coins to the star bearer. So the Epiphany celebration was over.

The next year the places of honor went to other children.

Hardly had the last memories of Epiphany faded from our hearts, when the second important festival dawned. On February twenty-second, the day celebrated by the Church as the Festival of Holy Peter, the children celebrate a festival which is known as the "Day of Storks." It is a spring festival of oldest origin. At noon all the school children, each carrying a small sack, gather together in the mill chapel and say their rosaries. This finished, the gay crowd goes in a group to the heart of the little city, led by a "Stork-Karl," who has a real stuffed stork on his big hat. As the children push on into the city they shout aloud:

Bring out, bring out
Apples and pears to the meeting place,
Bring out.

The housewives hasten to their windows, carrying baskets filled with apples, pears and nuts. The children's group stops in front of every house, their cry resounds again and again and each woman gives them all the fruits in her basket. Sometimes the women toss the fruits to the ground, then all the children scramble to

pick them up. In no time at all, everything has been snatched up; each child puts his plunder carefully into his sack, and all move on to the next house. This is repeated until every house has been visited. During all this noise and scrambling, the Stork-Karl stands solemnly by surveying the confusion of children's voices and children's bodies. The scramble ended, they all hasten to the city fountain and wash their apples and pears at the little stream. Then they hurry home in triumph, pockets bulging, to display their plunder. Some hide part of their booty in the hay or in some hidden corner in the cellar and so for weeks enjoy the spoils gathered on the "Day of Storks."

Spring comes, announced by the arrival of the stork, so people can give away what remains of their winter supply of apples and fruit to the merry children. What a delightful jubilee with which to greet the Spring! Fruits are given to the flock of children, because they have just prayed for Heaven's blessing on the fields and trees.

—From "From My Childhood." Published by
Kösel and Pustet, Munich.

Ezekiel

RUDOLPH FISHER



Ezekiel slowly moved toward the two boys playing the strange game

Illustrations by E. Simms Campbell

IT WAS Ezekiel's first day in Harlem, the Negro colony of New York City. He had arrived the night before, after a long trip north from Waxhaw, Georgia, where the dozen years of his life up to now had been spent. But last night he had been unable to see anything clearly. The enormous Pennsylvania Railroad Station, the multitude of hurrying people, the ter-

rifying subway trains, the heavy traffic of the streets, the glittering clusters of electric lights all had been too much for him to appreciate so suddenly. Last night he had been able only to stare and blink and gasp.

Now, however, the bright sunlight of the calmer morning allowed him somewhat to gather his bearings and observe this strange new place

with less bewilderment. Even so, it was still all very much like a mystifying dream.

He was seated on the front stoop of a tall apartment house on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. His uncle, to whom he had been sent so that he might attend the excellent New York schools, had brought Ezekiel downstairs. He was to wait there on the stoop until his uncle returned. It might be an hour, but Ezekiel musn't go away. If he got lost in Harlem he might never find his way back. Ezekiel had promised faithfully to stay, and so now he sat and looked about him.

Never had he seen so many tall dwellings, side by side, with no elbow-room between. There was only one low building in the whole row, and even that was taller than anybody's house back home. Where were the trees, the grass, the flowers? He looked at the broad concrete sidewalk, at the wide asphalt pavement of the street, with its shining car-tracks down the middle, and wondered if one could dig up the hard level road and plant things and have them grow.

A little way down the street two boys were playing an odd game on the sidewalk. They knelt in turn and went through motions like shooting marbles, only it was not marbles they shot but little round things like checkers. And how they laughed and chattered as they played!

With a curiosity he could not resist, Ezekiel slipped down off his seat on the stoop and slowly moved toward the two boys playing the strange game. Trained as he was to the strictest obedience, he hesitated once or twice as a wave of guilt came over him. He knew he ought to stay on the stoop as his uncle had told him, and once he looked back to be sure that the stoop was still there within reach. But the new interest conquered his conscience and led him farther away, until in a few moments he found himself standing over the two boys.

He saw now that they were playing with the little round metal caps of soda-pop bottles. The two took turns, kneeling and shooting the caps by flipping out a finger and striking them, sending them sliding in the desired direction. On the sidewalk a number of chalk lines had been drawn to form squares, and the game seemed to depend on how the caps were shot into the squares.

Ezekiel watched a while, his shyness overcoming the constant impulse to ask questions about the game. The two boys at first paid no attention to him, so absorbed were they in the game and each other. The two were evidently the best of friends.

Soon the light one made a winning shot and



Never had he seen so many tall buildings side by side with no elbow-room between

looked up at Ezekiel with a grin so proud and friendly that the newcomer from the South lost some of his shyness.

"What do you call that game?" he asked.

"Lodi," said the winner promptly. "Ever play it?"

"No," said Ezekiel.

"Got a lodi?" asked the darker boy.

"No," Ezekiel answered. "Wish I had."

"Here," said the first boy. "I'll lend you one." He reached into his pants pocket and extracted a half-dozen bottle-caps. Selecting one which was somewhat battered, he handed it over to the eager and delighted Ezekiel, with the admonition, "But you've got to give it back to me, you know."

"Yes, indeedy," promised Ezekiel.

The two Harlem boys were only too glad to show the stranger how to play. They took pride in their greater knowledge, Ezekiel was an apt and grateful pupil, and three players made a better game than two. Before long they were all having a marvelous time, laughing, shooting, arguing, explaining, shooting and laughing again.

Suddenly there was a clamor of bells directly across the street from where they were playing, then the roar of a mighty engine and an abrupt ear-piercing shriek that frightened Ezekiel almost out of his wits. The game stopped. The other two boys became highly excited.

"Fire!" they shouted. "Wonder where it is?"

Thereupon, before Ezekiel's startled eyes, appeared the most amazing thing he had ever seen. Out of the wide entrance of the one low building across the street came a raging, demon-like machine straight toward them. Ezekiel stood rooted to the spot, expecting to be destroyed, but the machine, when halfway to them, turned in some miraculous fashion and started away up the

street. It was red and silver in the sun, it had long yellow wooden ladders along its sides and two drivers, one in front and one high on top of the ladder, behind. It seemed as long as the subway train on which Ezekiel had ridden last night, and it made infinitely more speed and noise. Even after it had turned the distant corner and disappeared, the scream of its whistles came back shrill and clear.

Other fire engines soon were heard at a distance and were seen passing the corner where the first had turned. Then the boys noted that people were running toward an invisible point somewhere near that corner, and at that point the clamor of engines seemed quite suddenly to cease. Immediately their excitement became greater.

"It's on the Avenue!—Must be right around the corner!—Come on—Come on!—Let's go!"

Off they sped, the three of them, in the wake of the hook-and-ladder. But as Ezekiel passed the stoop where he had promised his uncle to remain, he halted.

"Come on!" called his new friends, outdistancing him. "Come on, boy! Hurry up!"

For a moment the impulse to follow them was almost too great to resist. Then Ezekiel saw that they were already too far ahead of him now anyway; he could not possibly catch up with them.

Sadly he returned to his stoop and dejectedly resumed his seat. What would they think of him? After they had accepted him as one of them, lent him a lodi, and taught him to play their game, what would they think when he so unaccountably deserted them? It was quite plain what they would think. They would think him a coward. They would never take him back as one of them. They would demand their lodi and never play with him again.

What would be left for him then? Why, he wouldn't dare show his face in the street. He would have to spend all his play-hours indoors,

lest he be pointed out to other boys and girls as a coward. Perhaps he wouldn't even dare go to school, after traveling so many miles to do so. His schoolmates would avoid him. No one would associate with a coward. Yes, he would have to spend his time in his uncle's apartment upstairs. Nothing could be more awful—staring down from lonely windows into the street, a dizzy distance below, or staring into the air-shaft, that horrible channel that separated one tall house from the next, a place full of unpleasant noises and odors, one glance into which this morning had been quite enough for him.

Ezekiel felt like crying. Why hadn't he had courage to go on? Was he afraid of being lost? The boys would have shown him the way back—he need not have feared that. Then why hadn't he stuck by them?

A long time he sat there downheartedly, certain that his obedience to his uncle had brought him sorrow. He wondered if his uncle could play lodi. But nobody's uncle would kneel down on a sidewalk to shoot a lodi. Presently he became aware that fire engine noises were again in the air. And in another moment the hook-and-ladder machine reappeared, heading back for its station. As he watched it swing around and slowly back into the engine-house, he wondered what manner of machines these were that could put out a fire so quickly—with ladders.

Then a tremor of fear shot through him as he saw the two boys returning. They would ridicule him, call him coward. They might dare him to fight.

Truly enough, they did laugh when they saw him. But to his great astonishment it was not a laugh of ridicule but of admiration. And when he heard what they said, he heaved a great sigh of relief and joy.

"Boy, you did right," said the darker lad.

"Indeed you did," said the light one. "You've got plenty of sense. It was only a false alarm. Come on—let's play lodi."

A Charming Little Road

ESTELLE A. BROOKS

A CHARMING little road I know
Runs all the way to town;
It trudges up the highest hills
Then gaily scampers down.
It never stops to whine or cry—
"The way is much too steep,
I really cannot get along—"—
And then sit down to weep.

But round a curve, past stately trees,
Which make it change its way,
This charming, happy little road
Just seems to laugh, and say:
"There's plenty room for you and me,
And you are rooted down;
So I'll just turn a corner—
Then, cheerio, for town."



*Juniors on the first day of school,
Walton Grammar School, De Funiak
Springs, Florida*



Juniors of Lincoln School, Mount Vernon, New York, made bottle chimes. They took sixteen bottles in four sizes and put different amounts of water in them to get the right notes. They played tunes on them



*In Averill School, Beaumont, Texas,
every student is weighed and measured
once a month. (Left) They learn to do things for themselves*

Junior Red Cross members of Sbin-a portfolio for South Huntington





Twelve-year-old students of Winbrook School, White Plains, New York, giving a demonstration of how oxygen can be made with simple equipment.



Boys of Nordhoff Union Grammar School, Ojai, California, lined up for a race on play day. Their physical education instructor, who is with them, gives them the Red Cross First Aid Course

Our School

Juniors exchange school experiences through photographs in international school-correspondence albums



Here are thirteen of the fifteen active Juniors at Woody Creek School, Phou, Montana. Their log school house has just one room

macbi Aomori Prefecture, Japan, making School, Huntington, Long Island, New York



These Juniors of Budapest made boxes and filled them with candy, clothes, toys and books. Then they sent them as gifts to small schools in the country



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Beauty is coming north again,
Slanting eager as the rain;
With necks like arrows on a bow
Across the sky the wild geese go.

—ROBERT J. COFFIN

A MESSAGE TO JUNIORS

EVERY member of the Junior Red Cross anywhere has a right to feel proud of the fact that he belongs to a great international band of youth. The organization that helps to keep the channels open between all the Junior societies is the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris. The Director of the Junior Red Cross Division of the League is Mr. Georges Milsom, who visited the United States last summer and was deeply interested in everything that was going on among our Juniors here. He has just sent this message to all Juniors around the world:

Everywhere people are talking of the world crisis. Some are full of complaints and pessimism, others of miraculous remedies. Perhaps they are talking of it too much. If I, in turn, write to you now about this crisis it is because it entails tremendous suffering, in the face of which your responsibilities as members of the Junior Red Cross are daily increasing.

This is not an appeal. You have already heard the appeal of your hearts and done much for your unfortunate fellows. I want simply to encourage you to go on and do still better. Nothing will spur you on so well as the thought of what the Red Cross stands for and means.

Never forget that the highest and oldest tradition of

the Red Cross is to combat suffering always and with all your strength. Never forget that the Red Cross was born on the battlefield to relieve the most dreadful human agony. The Red Cross spirit of pity and love has, since the beginning, shone brightest when things were at their darkest. The Red Cross is never so great a power for good as when men are stricken down by illness, misfortune or calamity. You Juniors must uphold this tradition, which for seventy years has endeared the Red Cross to millions of human beings.

Never mind if people say to you: "All that you can do will be a drop in the bucket." You may be only a few in your class, but think of all the Juniors in your school, in your city, in your country: In the whole world there are more than twelve millions! The Junior Red Cross is a great force. The combined efforts of members around the world can accomplish great results. So you must not be discouraged by the magnitude of the task which confronts you.

Do what you can with all your heart, with all your mind and with all your strength. And persevere with all your might; leave nothing unfinished. Never say to yourselves: "Money is always needed before anything useful can be done." It is true that money, wisely used, can do much for the happiness of others. But what I want to emphasize is the fact that, during these hard times when economy is necessary, you must devise projects which are not costly, which call for personal effort and personal sacrifice on your part rather than for spending large sums of money. Imagination has always helped you whenever your help was needed by others. In the crisis today let yourselves be guided by this good fairy of youth! And look to your Junior magazines in which the leaders of your organization will give you suggestions and leadership.

You can show today to all the world that the Junior Red Cross really knows how to relieve suffering, how to be a source of life and of self-sacrifice at a time when the world is under the shadow of misfortune. Above all, dear friends, whatever you undertake, do it in the Junior Red Cross spirit. The crisis causes not only physical suffering but widespread depression, grief and anxiety. Let your "service" mean comfort to those who grieve as well as help to those who suffer. Let all your efforts to help, be they great or small, be made joyously and cheerfully.

THE CALENDAR PICTURE

GOSLAR is at the foot of the Harz Mountains in a section full of fairy stories, especially those about gnomes. This is because it is a mining region where the "little people" were supposed to have their smithies under ground. Because of the heat from these hidden forges the soil above them produced wonderful vegetable gardens. But the dwarf children used to come out at night and pick the fresh shoots, so that the people of Goslar decided to drive the gnomes away. When they heard that, the clever little fellows dug a tunnel through the earth from their forges in northwestern Germany and came out somewhere in America, perhaps in Pennsylvania.

A. M. U.



The Snowdrop

LJUDEVIT KRALIEVITCH

Decoration by Edna Potter

ONE MORNING at dawn God sent an angel to earth to bring back the most beautiful flower, for a child had come to Heaven and it was the custom to adorn the newcomer with flowers before God, by His fatherly kiss, transformed him into an angel.

When the angel appeared in the field the flowers trembled with admiration. Each one said: "Take me, take me." The angel picked a flower without perfume which was growing alone, and flew away with it.

Under the rays of the hot sun the flowers conversed. "I am sure that the angel took one of my sisters," said the primrose, "because St. Peter himself sowed us in the fields."

The other flowers were equally sure that one of their family had been chosen, and each spoke of the merits of his family.

The sun was high in the sky. The flowers lay sleeping in the fields. A great silence reigned.

"My Lord, I have fulfilled your order," said the angel, kneeling by God's throne. God took the snowy white flower which bent its crown over the long, green stem as if bowing.

"Come here, my child," said God gently to the child who was standing near the throne, pale and tired after his long journey.

The child approached and God kissed him.

All fatigue vanished, and instead of the tired child, an angel was standing before God. Then God said to the flower in the angel's hand:

"White flower, tell me, what do you wish for your sisters who have remained on earth? You have sacrificed your life to the new inhabitant of Paradise. Would you like me to give your sisters the finest perfume or the brightest colors, or would you prefer me to make them big and tall like the cypresses which grow by the sea?"

"My Lord," murmured the flower, "they have no such need. Let them grow in the meadows, white and modest. Only let them bloom every year before the coming of spring. Let them smile to the sun from the ground covered with snow, and let them be the first messengers of spring."

"Be it as you wish," said God.

And in the meadow, on the stem from which the flower had been plucked a large tear appeared. It was like the most precious pearl, and was the tear of joy. Nobody suspected that the angel had taken this flower to God's throne.

From that time the snowdrops appear while the snow is still lying on the ground and announce, even earlier than the swallows, the coming of spring.

—From Jugoslav Junior Red Cross Magazine



DANISH RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Here's a Present

J. L. BIGGAR

HAROLD began it. He gave Johnnie a poke and shouted, "Here's a present for you. Give it to someone else." Johnnie looked at him angrily. Then he laughed and poked Bill. Bill poked Jim, and before long they were all chasing each other, shouting, "Here's a present."

The street crowds made the game all the more fun. You could dodge around people if someone was chasing you, and you could sneak up behind them if you were trying to poke someone else. There were a good many motor cars, too. Harold was the first to escape a poke by running out into the road around a parked car. Soon they were all chasing each other or escaping this way.

Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes and a scream. A white-faced man was climbing down from the seat of a light truck, and Harold was lying in a crumpled heap in the road. The man seemed angry. The boys were frightened. The crowd kept pushing in to see.

Then a policeman came and ordered everyone to stand back. He looked at Harold and at the man from the truck. "Did you hit him?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man. "I couldn't help it. He jumped out like a flash from behind that car there, and I was into him before you could say knife. Oh, tell me he isn't killed!"

The policeman, who was trained in First Aid, felt Harold's pulse and began to feel his arms and legs and to examine his face and head which were covered with blood. To the boys it seemed like an hour before he said:

"No, he's not dead. His leg is broken and

his head is badly cut, but he's not dead . . . yet, anyway."

Just then a quiet-voiced man came forward through the crowd.

"I'm a doctor, officer," he said. "Is the boy badly hurt?"

"Pretty badly, I'm afraid, doctor," said the policeman. "Can you take him to the hospital at once, or shall I send for the ambulance?"

"I'll take him," said the doctor, "if someone will come along and hold him."

Harold was gently lifted into the doctor's car, his legs tied together with handkerchiefs so that the good leg would hold the broken one steady. The doctor put a dressing over the cut on his head to stop the bleeding.

"Now, then," said the policeman to the man from the truck, "you'd better come along with me to the station and tell your story."

"All right," said the man. "But there isn't any more to tell. He jumped out from behind that car, not six feet in front of me, and the car hit him almost before I saw him. I think there was another boy behind him, chasing him or something."

"You boys know anything about this?" asked the policeman.

"We were playing," said Bill.

"We weren't chasing him," said Johnnie.

"What were you playing?" asked the policeman.

"It hasn't got a name. We called it 'Here's a present.'" "You poked a fellow and ran." "We were all running after each other." All of them were talking together.

"One at a time," said the policeman. His eye fell on Johnnie, "Tell me exactly what happened."

So Johnnie told him.

"I think you had better all come along to the station with this man here," the policeman said.

Half an hour later they were gathered around the sergeant's desk, pale and frightened. Their names and addresses had all been written down in a big book. They had told their stories and had answered a lot of questions.

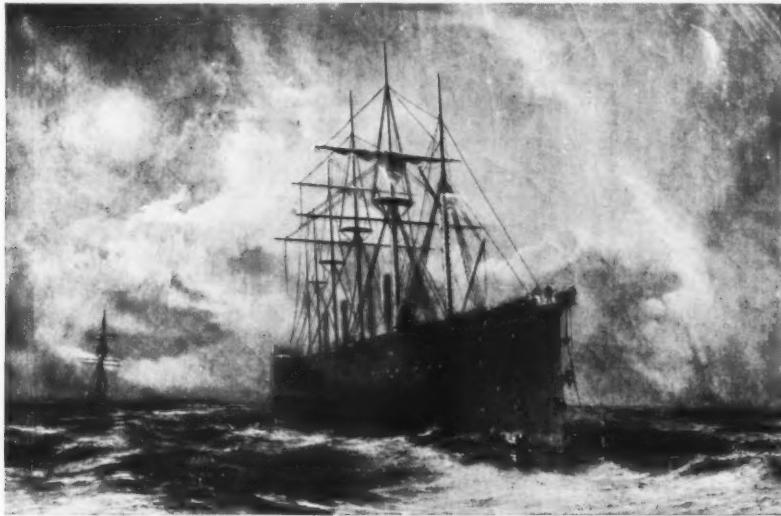
"Now boys," said the sergeant, "you listen to what I'm going to tell you. Playing games like that is the most dangerous thing you can do on the streets. It's just the most foolish and most risky thing there is. You get excited. You forget to think. And the first thing you know . . . Bang! and you're dead."

"Is . . . is Harold . . .," Johnnie began, but the telephone rang and interrupted him.

The sergeant listened for a moment. "Yes. The sergeant speaking . . . Oh yes, the hospital . . . Resting nicely? That's fine. Yes, I know his name. I've sent off word to his folks. He'll be all right, eh? Well, that's great."

"No," he said as he looked at Johnnie. "He's not, but it isn't his fault that he's not, or yours either. Run along home now, but remember one thing and never forget it. Running out in the road is the surest way there is to kill yourselves. Keep off the road. It's for cars to run on, not for boys to play on." He looked around the group catching each boy's eye in turn and then suddenly he shouted, "KEEP OFF THE ROAD!"

—From *The Canadian Red Cross Junior*



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

*The Great Eastern laying the first Atlantic cable on the route advised by Maury.
She was the largest ship of her day, but ill-fated.*

The Pathfinder of the Seas

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

A HUNDRED years ago a handsome young naval officer whose name was Matthew Fontaine Maury became sailing master of the *Falmouth*, bound from the Atlantic coast for San Francisco by way of Cape Horn. He wished to make a quick voyage, so before sailing he asked for charts telling of the winds and the ocean currents on his route and pointing out the best course for his ship to follow. To his aston-

ishment there were no such charts in the world. Sea captains had to find their way from port to port guided by Bowditch's "Practical Navigator" and their own judgment. From that hour began Maury's study of winds and currents and ocean life which won him honors and fame and the gratitude of all who sail the seas.

The people of Fredericksburg, Virginia, are proud of the fact that the great scientist who

discovered so many secrets of the blowing winds, of the Gulf Stream and of ocean geography, was born on a farm near their town. He was one of a big family of children. His father's ancestors were distinguished Huguenot refugees, and his mother was equally well born.

Matthew was only five years old when he fared forth on his first adventure. His uncle, Abram Maury, had gone west all the way to the Tennessee frontier where there were free lands awaiting settlers. Uncle Abram was so delighted with the country that he induced his Fredericksburg brother to move to Tennessee. Thus it happened that the boy destined to become pathfinder of the seas traveled far inland in a train of covered wagons to a new home on a farm near Nashville, where all the boys in the family lived the hard life of pioneers.

But before the move thirteen-year-old John Maury had left the Fredericksburg home to join the Navy. Brother John's letters from far away ports brightened many a day on the wilderness farm and filled Matthew's head with dreams until they came no more. The young midshipman had died of yellow fever on board ship and been buried at sea.

One day when Matthew was twelve years old, he had a fall from a tall tree and hurt his back just badly enough to render him unfit for farm work. Accordingly his father sent him to an academy where he had good teachers. Finally, to his father's great disappointment, for he had intended his son to study medicine, Matthew announced that he wished to join the Navy: and through his representative in Congress, Sam Houston, he received an appointment as midshipman. His father had intended to pay for his education as a physician, but he told the boy that if he insisted upon going to sea, he would have to make his way without any help from home.

In 1825 there were no railroads and not even stagecoaches so far West. So the nineteen-year-old adventurer borrowed a gray horse from a friend with the understanding that he would sell the horse for seventy-five dollars at the end of his journey, and return the money. For his traveling expenses he had thirty dollars which he had earned teaching younger boys in the academy. When he arrived at a cousin's home

in Charlottesville, Virginia, the lonely horseback rider had fifty cents left.

After a short visit Maury rode on to the home of his Uncle Edmund Herndon in Fredericksburg; and there he fell in love with his cousin Ann Herndon, whose father was the town banker. By the time he rode away to Washington, Ann had decided that he was the finest, handsomest young man she had ever seen.

The penniless boy felt suddenly rich after he reported to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington and was paid fifteen cents for every mile of his long journey from Nashville to the capital. He was told to go to New York and report for duty on board the United States frigate *Brandywine*. We do not know to whom he sold his horse. It was spring-time when the boy left his faraway home, and August when he went on board the *Brandywine*, the ship on which Lafayette was returning to France after his farewell visit to the United States.

Several years later, after most fascinating adventures in foreign ports, including a cruise on board the first American man-of-war that ever sailed all the way round the world, Matthew Fontaine Maury went to Tennessee to visit his proud family.

At last we find him at the age of twenty-five, sailing master of the *Falmouth*, inquiring for facts then unknown to the world. Home from that cruise, which proved to be his last, he and Ann were married and settled down in Fredericksburg. He wrote a book about navigation which was adopted as a textbook in the Navy. He was the first American naval officer ever to publish a work on nautical science.

Later, when Lieutenant Maury was on his way to New York where he had been ordered on board a ship, the stagecoach on which he was traveling overturned. Maury's leg was broken at the knee, and so badly set that it had to be broken again and reset. By the time he was strong enough to go to New York, his ship had sailed. Again he went home to Fredericksburg and there, while waiting for "service on crutches," as he explained to the Secretary of the Navy, he wrote magazine articles called "Scraps from the Lucky Bag," and soon won fame as a scientific writer of the sea. At this time he insisted upon the need of a school for



Matthew Fontaine Maury

the instruction of midshipmen, and due to his efforts the Naval Academy at Annapolis was established. To this day the Academy's yearbook is known as "The Lucky Bag."

In 1842, Lieutenant Maury became the superintendent of the Depot of Charts and Instruments at Washington, the institution now known to us as the United States Naval Observatory. This gave him an opportunity to prepare a wind and current chart. He found a quantity of dusty old log books that had been kept by the Navy Department, even though they were considered mere rubbish. He began studying these logs, and from what he learned in them, after long years of work, he made his first "Wind and Current Chart of the Atlantic." The broken leg that had kept him from active sea service was a piece of luck for the seafaring world.

The next year Lieutenant Maury asked sea captains to help him gather information by filling in the blanks in a ten-page "Abstract Log for the Use of American Navigators." Soon one thousand ships were sending him in reports from all quarters of the globe, about everything that concerned the path of a ship at sea, the winds, the currents, the barometer readings, rains and fogs, and the habits of whales and birds. Under his management they tossed bottles into the ocean in which were their notes regarding latitude and longitude. When these tightly corked bottles were picked up from the shores of the seven seas and sent to Washington, Lieutenant Maury learned the story of ocean currents which had carried the bottles hundreds of miles from where they went overboard.

This is only the beginning of the story of the achievements of Lieutenant, later Commodore, Maury whose big book of "Sailing Directions" was soon used by all mariners. It was by using his charts that the clipper ships won swift races, and the *Flying Cloud* won everlasting fame by sailing from New York to San Francisco in eighty-nine days and twenty-one hours, a distance which, before he charted paths through the sea, had required one hundred and eighty days.

In time Commodore Maury wrote a fascinating book called "Physical Geography of the Sea," which was immediately popular. In place of the old-time geographies of dry-as-dust questions and answers, Matthew Fontaine Maury wrote textbooks for children telling entrancing stories of the ocean, of the stars above, of the winds, and of the currents of the seas. A chapter about the Gulf Stream begins:

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severe droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest

floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater."

It was Commodore Maury who told Cyrus Field where to lay the telegraph cable across the Atlantic. When he was asked if the feat could be accomplished and where to lay the cable, he answered:

"From Newfoundland to Ireland the distance between the nearest points is about sixteen hundred miles, and the bottom of the sea between the two places is a plateau, which seems to have been placed there especially for the purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph and of keeping them out of harm's way. It is neither too deep nor too shallow; yet it is so deep that the wires, being once landed, will remain forever beyond the reach of vessels' anchors, icebergs, and drift of any kind, and so shallow that the wires may be readily lodged upon the bottom."

One time Commodore Maury was a passenger on board a ship from Charleston bound for Bermuda. At the end of six days at sea the captain was lost. He insisted that something awful had happened to Bermuda because he had sailed over the place where he should have found the island. By measuring the stars and making calculations at ten o'clock that night, Commodore Maury found the path for the lost captain and told him that by following the course mapped out for him, he would reach Bermuda at two o'clock in the morning. Then the scientist and his little son went to bed and slept, although all others on board stayed on deck until to their great relief they saw the Port Hamilton Light.

To this day the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean is headed by these words:

"Founded upon the researches made in the early part of the nineteenth century by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy."

It was Commodore Maury who first suggested the studies of the winds and the weather on land as well as at sea, which later resulted in the establishment of our Weather Bureau.

While he lived honors were given Matthew Fontaine Maury by all the great nations of Europe. After he died his own country began to realize that an American scientist had become one of the never-to-be-forgotten benefactors of mankind.

American Juniors

JUNIORS of Council Bluffs, Iowa, are all joining in giving five crippled children the chance to go to school. They are paying for their teaching at Washington Avenue School. Four of the children cannot walk or even stand, and one girl is so crippled that she cannot do the smallest thing for herself. Another can walk, but has no arms. The youngest is six and the oldest, seventeen; they are all starting in first grade, as they never have had the opportunity to learn anything before.

In every way, they are treated as nearly like normal children as possible. In addition to the usual school program they have such exercises as they can do. They are taken to and from school each morning while the other rooms are in session so that they may not be embarrassed by being stared at. There is a mid-morning lunch (furnished by children of the Washington School) and then a recess period. There are no poor grades, for each child has individual teaching. The school has many visitors, but the big day came when the mothers visited it, and there were good things to eat. Valentines galore were given to the crippled children, and Juniors from many other schools sent them favors.

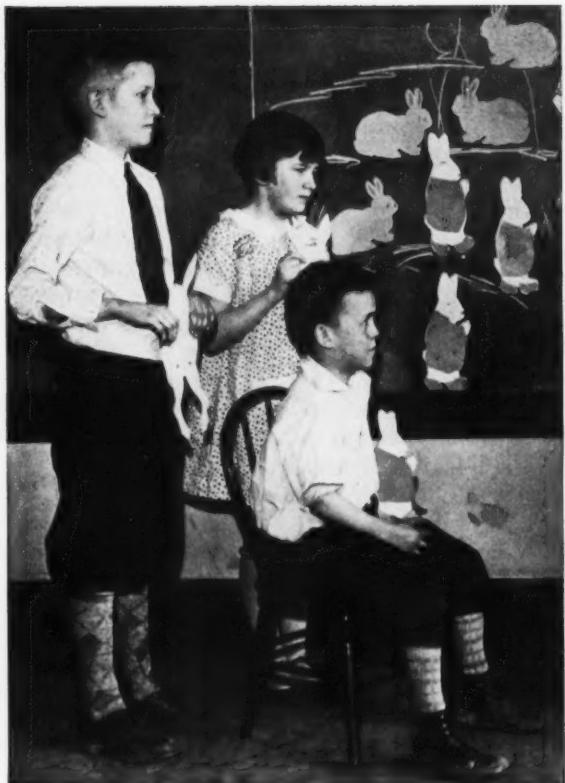


Juniors of Coleman, Texas, with the bird houses they sold for the J. R. C.

THE secretary of the Junior Red Cross in the fourth grade of Saltonstall, Massachusetts, School makes this report:

In our class, we have an I Serve Club. There are committees on Position, Attention, Dependability, Courtesy, Sweaters, Thrift, Waste Baskets, Chewing Gum.

Every Friday at three o'clock we have a meeting. Every child that has one of the committees reports for the



Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Juniors made three thousand gifts some members from Fair Oaks

week. At one meeting we invited the principal. We are making cloth picture books to send to Labrador to Doctor Grenfell. We have over thirty of them finished.

One day in school we had moving pictures. The children in the movie school were cleaning up the yard and old houses. So in our room we started to do our part. We agreed to keep our school yard, back and front, clean. At the end of the week, we passed the idea on to the other fourth grade, and they passed it in turn to the fifth grades who now have it.

HAMMOND, Indiana, Juniors have adopted the leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana. This is the sanitorium that the government has for people who have leprosy. Their first gift to the patients there was 350 valentines.

JUNIORS of Fort Wayne, Indiana, adopted Wilson Mission School, Stuart, Virginia. They paid for two subscriptions to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for the school and sent them a collection of garments which they had made from new materials.

IN SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Juniors have just completed a junior Life-Saving course and an advanced First-Aid course. They have also refilled their First-Aid kits and brought them



for people in hospitals and institutions at Easter. Here are School with their contribution

up to date. These Juniors were among the many who canned fruits and vegetables for the poor.

NINE pieces of furniture and fifty garments were given to family relief by members in Trumbull County, Ohio, and forty-nine articles were made for the Loan Closet.

THE following letter of thanks for Christmas gifts from our J. R. C. was sent by the Swiss J. R. C.:

We received the thousand Christmas boxes which you had so kindly sent us, and we thank you very sincerely for them. We must tell you again this year how deeply touched the Swiss Junior Red Cross sections were by these tokens of your generosity, and what a great deal of pleasure these gifts from their American comrades brought them.

GREENSBURG, Kentucky, Juniors planted trees in the school grounds in observance of the George Washington Bicentennial.

JUNIORS of Onondaga County, New York, were busy at Easter time. Easter chicken and bunny favors were sent to a Veterans'

Doing Their Jobs

Hospital by the Jamesville Juniors. Place cards were furnished by Fairmount and Stone Arabia and greeting cards by the sixth grade of the Brighton School. Goodyear Burlingame Juniors sent a crate of fresh eggs which were served to the veterans for their Easter morning breakfast, and also remembered the veterans and children at the Sanatorium with decorated plant holders and napkins and thirty-five potted plants. The kindergarten children of Montgomery and Sumner made attractive Easter baskets which were filled with candy Easter eggs furnished by the Red Cross Club, fourth grade, St. Anthony's School, and sent to the child patients at the Syracuse Hospital.

St. Patrick's Day favors for the Veterans' Hospital were furnished by Jamesville High School and by the Junior Service Fund.

JUNIORS of the Tongue River Indian Boarding School, Busby, Montana, adopted one ward of old men in the Veterans' Hospital at Sheridan, Wyoming, and have remembered them each holiday. They also sent 215 nut cups to the Veterans' Hospital at Fort Harrison, Montana. In addition to this, they sent toys and



Florida Juniors brighten Walton Grammar School, De Funiak Springs, Florida, by planting azaleas

scrapbooks to an orphans' home in Kansas City, Missouri, and gave five dollars to the drought relief which has still been necessary in Montana this year.

WEST School, Chebeague Island, Maine, made an unusual album entitled "A Child's Book of Rural Experience." They sent it to

Shida School, Miyagi Prefecture, Japan. In it were carefully pressed and mounted flowers, seedpods and leaves, each neatly marked; collections of pressed flowers made by each of the Juniors and lists of birds and flowers seen and recognized by each in the early spring. One boy listed ninety-five different birds and twenty-five flowers; one girl listed seventy-two flowers and twenty-one birds. This girl pasted four pussywillows in a row on one page and drew on black ears and long tails. They looked like the back view of a row of fuzzy little mice.

AN ALBUM from Midwest, Wyoming, Junior High School to Japan, contained good pictures illustrating the daily life of early settlers in colonial days. There were also illustrations of some of the books the students had been reading in school, and a poem that they had written and decorated themselves.

JUNIORS of Kittanning, Pennsylvania, received this thank-you letter from the Veterans' Hospital at Perry Point, Maryland:

A package from your Chapter always means a delightful surprise for the men here, and the one received today is no exception; in fact we think the cunning little lollipop favors with the daisy heads and children's faces for centers are the most attractive and unique gifts we have had from the Juniors. As soon as the boys at the club saw them they started singing, "You've Got Me Picking Petals off the Daisies." We shall put these on the trays of the bed patients and know they will be delighted with them.

We wish it were possible for some of our little friends to come to Perry Point some time in order that they might see for themselves just what joy their presents bring to our sick boys. Some of them keep all of these little favors, and of course now have quite an assortment. The little daisies will be an attractive addition to their collection.

We thank you again for your interest in the ex-service men here, and wish all of the children and the teachers a very happy vacation.



Members in David J. Howard Elementary School, Atlanta, Georgia, sent thirty-five baskets of fresh eggs to patients at Grady Hospital for Easter

JUNIORS in the domestic science classes of the Shull Junior High School of Easton, Pennsylvania, canned a large quantity of fruits and vegetables which were given to poor families through the local senior Red Cross Chapter.

SANTA PAULA, California, has one school composed chiefly of Mexican children whose parents are very poor. They do beautiful handwork, but have trouble finding material with which to work. The Juniors of several well-to-do Chapters in the state are sending occupational material to the school in Santa Paula at fairly frequent intervals. A letter from the principal says:

Just yesterday I received two large boxes from Pasadena, full of yarns, old silk stockings and quilt pieces. My Mexican pupils as well as all my teachers felt as if Santa Claus had returned. Now we can make things that we never would or could have made otherwise. We use a great deal of discarded material, but such choice bits are never found in the river dump where we generally get our material.

Something to Read

ZEKE

Mary White Ovington: Harcourt, Brace: \$2.00
(Ages 10-14)

POOR ZEKE! When he went away to the big industrial school for colored boys and girls, he had never been ten miles from his neat little home in the row of whitewashed cottages straggling along the muddy Alabama road. He had never been up a flight of stairs, he had never

been in a crowd of more than two dozen people. So when he found himself in a group of several hundred boys, living in a room so high that it looked out on the tops of the trees, he was completely bewildered. He was afraid.

After a while, however, he got used to things, and began to look about him. At home he had known only a few people, and the standards his older brother taught him were enough to go by. But here there were boys who were different

from any he had ever known. There were his two room mates, Natu, who had been born in Africa, the son of a chief, and Junior Randolph who had been brought up in the city of Dallas, Texas. Natu was kind and sober and earnest; he wanted to learn as much as he could so that he could go back to Africa and help his tribe. But Junior thought it was clever to break as many rules as he could. He enjoyed the excitement of taking risks.

Junior wanted Zeke to gamble and go out of bounds with him. He was older than Zeke, and was lively and amusing. One of his cronies was the most prominent football player. Zeke was flattered to belong to their card club, though cards and gambling were strictly forbidden.

Natu and Zeke also became friends. The upright seriousness of Natu appealed to Zeke, and he really admired him more than Junior. And the African told him many fascinating things about his home. But Natu was working his way through, and had little time for friendship. Nevertheless, he quarreled with Junior for leading Zeke into trouble.

After a while, Zeke himself began to wonder if Junior was as good a friend as he pretended to be. The night that the club members pulled him by main force into Reilly's forbidden road-house he was thoroughly angry and disgusted. That was the night that Junior was caught and expelled; Zeke had a narrow escape, and he was bitterly disillusioned in his friends.

Before the year was out, however, Zeke had made new friends and was happy and successful in his studies and with a chicken project that he undertook. In the spring he was able to show the others that he was a good baseball player; one of the boys in the band showed him how to play the cornet, and he made money on his chickens to buy himself an instrument. He was, as the head of the school said, "in step at last."



ALANNA

Helen Coale Crew: Harper & Brothers: \$2.00
(Ages 10-16)

ALANNA Malone thought a miracle had come to her house. It was a little house, a poor house that sat with six others like it along an

Irish road. Its walls were stone, its roof was thatch, its floor was earth packed as hard as stone, and it had but one big room with a little lean-to. But the summer Alanna was twelve years old, six tall fox-gloves, like six purple candles, took root and blossomed on the ridge-pole of the house, their roots in the brown thatch.

"Why wouldn't they?" said Larry. "Look at the two rows of foxgloves in the McCann's yard. You silly creature, sure the winds took the seeds from them and carried them up on the roof, easy as easy!" But Alanna paid no attention to Larry. "Isn't the wind a kind of an angel?" she asked. "And if an angel did the job it's a miracle, so there!"

The foxgloves were not the only miracle in Alanna's life. There was, besides, Stacey Fitzgerald, who lived at the Big House. Alanna and her Uncle Roddy met Stacey and her grandfather one afternoon in the orchard behind the sunken garden of the Big House. The old colonel had played with Uncle Roddy when they were boys together, and he invited them to tea in the garden.

Said Alanna's mother when she heard the story, "I'll go shanking along the length of Ballycooly and I'll give them each an odd few words about how Uncle Roddy and Alanna were a drinkin' tea with the Big House folks!"

The spacious beauty and order of the Big House were a revelation to Alanna. Stacey herself, who always lived in this beautiful way, seemed like a princess out of a fairy tale. So when Alanna went home she had a passion for cleaning up.

That was Alanna; and the home she lived in, she loved beyond every other place in the world. Not only did she love her own cottage and her own happy family, but every stock and stone in Ballycooly and on Hillside, and every child and baby in the seven houses of Ballycooly. Then childless Aunt Judy wrote from America to ask for the loan of Alanna.

I won't tell you the rest of the story to spoil it for you. America was much larger and stranger than she thought it would be, yet there were friends there, too. But she couldn't get the picture of Ballycooly, poor as it was, out of her mind's eye. And how she came to go back there after a happy year in America is one of the nicest parts of the book.

—JULIA CABLE WRIGHT

Lending a Hand

THE League of Red Cross Societies in Paris has sent to the Juniors of the whole world the following suggestions of things they can do to help in the present crisis:

PROVIDE FOOD:

Organize free school canteens.

Organize milk or soup distribution for children at school. Share your lunch provisions with needy pupils.

Keep a lunch-money box at school to buy food for poor scholars.

Invite a needy comrade to join you in a daily meal in your own home. Cultivate school vegetable gardens and, if possible, a vegetable garden at home as well.

Study home economics in order to learn how to prepare balanced meals for needy pupils. Get your school interested in canning and drying vegetables and fruits in home-economics classes.

Volunteer in community kitchens.

Prepare baskets of food for needy families.

Organize "days" at school when each pupil will bring a special fruit, vegetable or other food for distribution to the needy.

See that no food is wasted in your home.

PROVIDE CLOTHING:

Make collections of second-hand clothing.

Hold sewing circles at regular intervals to mend old clothes and to make new ones.

Distribute clothes to:

Needy pupils.

Junior Red Cross headquarters for emergency closet, Christmas cupboard, etc.

Child or children adopted by class for the winter.

Red Cross or other social welfare agencies working in behalf of unemployed.

Children's hospital, orphanage or crèche.



*Thank - you
Christmas gifts
from Juniors of
other lands to
our members*



*Above, dolls and
handwork from
Roumania;
left, a doll from
Czechoslovakia*

Help Red Cross or other social agencies to sort clothing for unemployed.

PROVIDE FUEL:

Buy coal and wood for needy families.

Chop wood for aged people.

Gather kindling in rural districts for poor families.

PROVIDE SHELTER:

Pay board of small children in day nurseries.

Organize playrooms and rest rooms for young children of needy parents.

PROVIDE COMFORT AND CHEER:

Adopt a school in a poor district, and send pupils small presents and school requisites.

Adopt a hospital, orphanage, or old people's home for the school year, write the inmates friendly letters, and send gifts of books, magazines, fruit, toys, photographs, flowers.

Arrange with the management of the above institutions to give performances to entertain the inmates.

Take an interest in a needy family during the school year, sending the members gifts, especially on fete days.

IN POLAND the Junior Red Cross Central Committee has called upon the Juniors to concentrate their efforts upon their needy schoolfellows. They are urged to help in four ways. First of all, clothes, shoes, and school books are to be collected. Secondly, the pupils are to be invited to dinner in the Juniors' homes. Each member who can do so is to have a daily guest. Those who cannot afford this are to take turns being hosts. Thirdly, fuel is to be provided for their comrades' homes. And last but not least, the Juniors are to stand always ready with a kind word and friendly advice to help and cheer their friends. Need-

less to say this program has been enthusiastically adopted.

IN GERMANY, too, the appeal to the Juniors has been nation-wide. Here, as in Poland, the greatest effort is being made to help other children, and the activities of the German Juniors in behalf of their needy comrades are very similar to those of the Polish Juniors. However, individual groups often think up original ways of being of service. For instance, a group in Hesse organized for young unemployed people classes in drawing and evening circles for reading and listening to the radio.

JUNIORS in New Zealand are equally anxious to assist. Where the local Red Cross is engaging in relief work, the Juniors cooperate by collecting provisions and clothing for the Red Cross to distribute. One circle had a competition to see who could be most successful in making over old clothes for the poor.

A LETTER from the Hungarian Junior Red Cross Headquarters says: "There has perhaps been no year in which the Juniors have done so much as this one when they were faced by so many desperate and unusual cases of want and misery resulting from the difficult times." The Hungarian children, like the German and Polish, have intensified their program of help to their poor schoolmates. Moreover, they report needy cases of sick and destitute people to local social welfare organizations and cooperate with these agencies in relief work. Last Christmas, the Juniors of Budapest collected 6,000 kilograms of food to assist Madame Horthy, wife of the Governor of Hungary, in her work to supply food for the poor. Juniors of Pesterzsbet work in the municipal canteen, where they recently celebrated their tenth anniversary by giving a dinner for 2,500 poor people.

AUSTRALIA is another country where the Juniors are particularly active in work to relieve the present distress. In one of the big cities, Sydney, the Junior

Red Cross has organized a central depot from which milk, vegetables and groceries are supplied to needy families. A circle in the province of Victoria provided 1,800 lunches during the last six months for children of unemployed parents and another circle filled 50 baskets of groceries for needy families. A boys' circle in South Australia devotes its earnings to a distress fund which the members have organized to help the parents of needy pupils. The Australian Juniors are great knitters and are rapidly turning out warm garments for poor children and bright-colored squares to be made into patch-work quilts.

THese are but a few of the ways in which the members of the large Junior Red Cross family are relieving the suffering they see about them on all sides. It is a point worth mentioning that in addition to carrying out their own ideas, the Juniors are making a special effort to cooperate, not only with the relief work of the Red Cross Society, but with other organizations helping the unemployed. In other words, they are filling in wherever they are needed. And they are doing it with such good will that it is easy to see that they appreciate the truth of the maxim: "It isn't so much what you do that counts, as the way you do it."

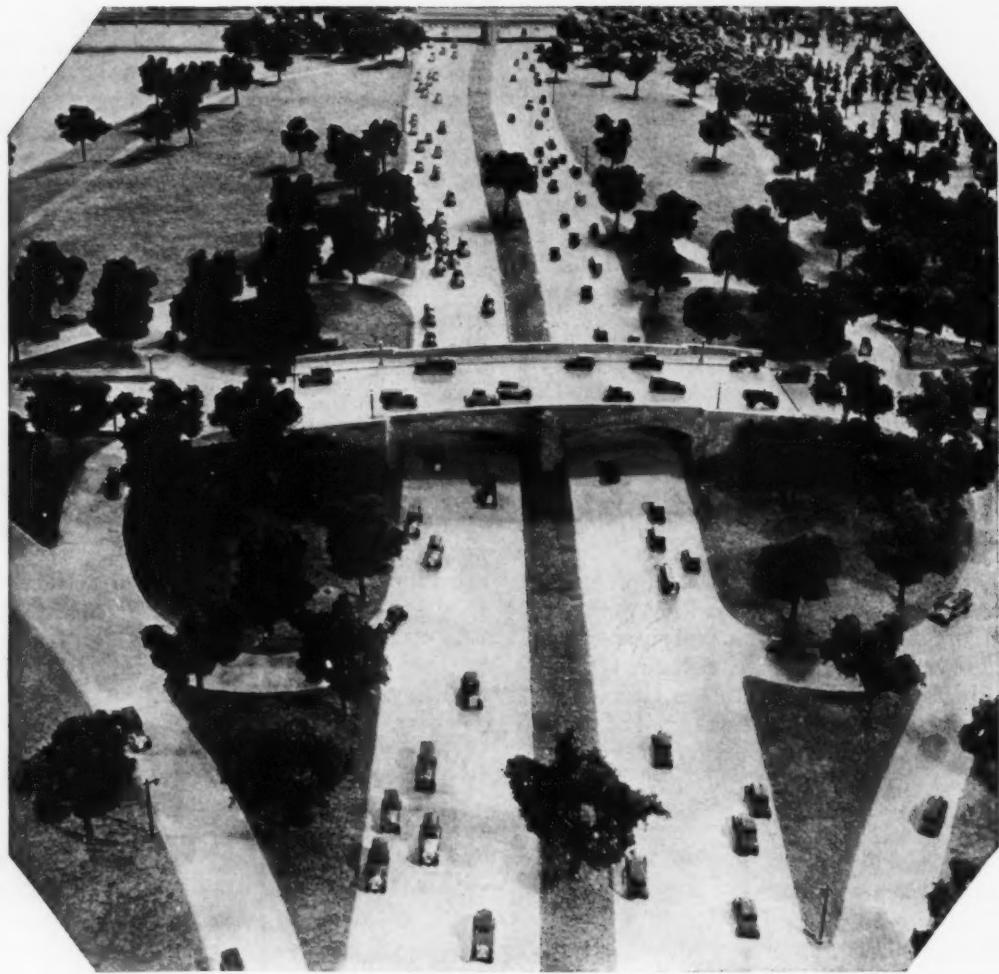
SOON after she sent from France the story of "The Mountain That Moved," Miss Upjohn said in a letter to the Editor:

"I went out to Chateillard just two months to a day after the catastrophe, and climbed over the hardened mudstream to a point where I could look up the gorge. The quality of the soil makes cement as the mud dries, and consequently the farmlands which it covers are useless. For that reason the government has bought new farms for those who were dispossessed. In some places the deposit is 100 meters deep. It was pitiful to see the fruit trees submerged to the top branches, blossoming bravely amid all that havoc."

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U. S. BUREAU OF PUBLIC ROADS

The Mount Vernon Highway

The highway from the national capital to the home of Washington is the very last word in road construction. There is no cross traffic, for all crossing roads go over or under the boulevard. The whole way is park'd, with here and there beautiful groups of cedar and holly trees. There is not a steep grade in the seventeen and a half miles and the highway, which follows the broad Potomac River nearly all the way, sweeps up in a wide curve to Mt. Vernon.

